

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



THOMAS DICKSON GIVES HIS MASTER WARNING.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XL.—THE SECRET OF RELATIONSHIP IS DISCOVERED BY HENRY AND MARY MORTON.

As soon as Mr. Aston was informed by his niece that old Mrs. Margaret—of whom he retained a perfect and kindly recollection—was on a visit to St. David, he requested Mary to bring the old lady to Cliff Cottage.

Mrs. Margaret, who, to use her own words, declared that she would "ave know'd him to be a Morton if she had met him at the furdest end of the world," was somewhat disappointed because he confessed that at first sight he could hardly recollect her features. A brief conversa-

tion with him, however, satisfied her that if he had forgotten her features, he had not forgotten the many acts of kindness he had received at her hands when he was a child. He readily recalled to mind various little incidents connected with himself and his sister, which, though trivial in themselves, the old lady fondly cherished in her memory, and delighted her by the eagerness with which he listened to the history of various matters that had occurred after he had left home and was supposed to have perished at sea. The old lady declared that to see him and talk with him made her feel quite like a young woman again.

"Ah, Master Henry"—she persisted in calling him Master Henry, to the great amusement of Mary—"Ah, Master Henry," she said, "if you'd 'ave come back long years ago, things would 'ave been very different at the Hall, and at Fordham. My young mistress, your sister, poor dear, would 'ave been spared much misery, and would never 'ave been wronged so shameful as she were. Mr. Foley would never 'ave come in to the estates; and, lawks a me! I might 'ave been livin' housekeeper at the Hall to this day. I never thought, when I were a young woman, to see any one but a Morton master at at the old place. And surely, Master Henry, now as you 'ave come back—better late than never, as the sayin' is—you won't let them Foleys, as treated poor Miss Mary, your sister, so shameful, remain where they be?"

"We shall see in time, Mrs. Margaret," replied Mr. Aston. "I daresay it will not be long before you see a Morton in possession of the Hall once more." "And, Master Henry," continued the old lady, "Miss Mary do tell me as you 'ave grown-up children in 'Meriky. Deary me; only to think! It don't seem so long since you was but a little boy."

"I have a daughter as old as my niece, and a son a year or two older," replied Mr. Aston. "Perhaps you may see them in England ere long."

The old lady continued to ply her questions until Mr. Aston at length rose to retire to his study.

"You must come and see me again, Mrs. Margaret," he said, as he shook hands with his visitor. "Come to-morrow evening to tea, you and Mary, and we'll have a long and cosy chat together about old times;" and so saying he left the room.

Scarcely, however, had he seated himself at his writing-desk in the study, ere there came a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Aston; and Thomas Dickson entered the room.

"What is it, Thomas?" inquired his master; "Nelson (the only horse Mr. Aston kept, which had been ailing) Nelson is no worse, I hope?"

"No, sir; Nelson be doing pretty well. He'll be all right agin in a day or two; but if you please, sir, I have come to say as I think o' leavin' service at the end of the quarter, and I thought 'twere but right as I should give you fair warning."

Now, although Mr. Aston had roamed over the greater portion of the earth, and had lived for many years in the western wilds of America, where constant change is the order of the day, he had preserved amid all his wanderings the Englishman's love of old places and old faces. He had been a wanderer by force of circumstances rather than by inclination, and had never felt anything like content until he had married and settled down in America. Even then, as has been seen, as soon as he had lost his wife he felt an irrepressible yearning to return to his native land. It was therefore with a feeling of vexation and annoyance that he learnt, when Thomas presented himself in the study, that the man's object in seeking an interview was to give him warning, and request him to look out for a new servant. True, he had never really liked Thomas Dickson. He had thought him too fawning and submissive with his superiors, and too fond of playing the petty tyrant over his fellow servants. Mr. Aston insisted upon prompt obedience from his servants; but his long residence in the Far West of America had taught him to detest servility. Nevertheless, Thomas was a tolerably good servant, and a careful driver, and it might not, he thought, be easy to find another to fill his place.

"Why do you wish to leave me, my good fellow?" he

therefore inquired. "Have you heard of a better place?"

"Oh no, sir," replied Thomas, with an obsequious bow. "I couldn't wish for a better situation, nor a better master."

"What is it, then? Are your wages insufficient?"

"Dear me, no, sir; the wages is all I could expect."

"Why do you wish to leave, then? You have some reason, I suppose? Out with it, man, and don't stand simpering there like an idiot."

"Please, sir," said Thomas, looking down upon the carpet, and twirling his cape with his fingers, "there's an old saying, as service is no inheritance, and I'm thinking of quitting service for good, and settin' up in bis'ness."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Aston, "you are at liberty to please yourself, of course. I only hope, my man, that you won't find, as I suspect many who have been fond of spouting that foolish old adage have found, that the service you disdain is better than the business you wish to engage in. What business is it, pray? A man needs some capital in order to commence business with any prospect of success."

"Please, sir," replied Thomas, "I've had a bit of a legacy left me, and I be thinking of going into the public line at Falmouth, sir."

"Of keeping a public house, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes, sir; if you have no objection."

"What objection can I have to your acting as you think proper? Though, if you'd take my advice, you'd lay by your money, and keep out of the public line, as you call it. I'm afraid, Thomas, that you're too fond of drink to safely expose yourself to temptation. It is the only serious fault I have to find with you."

"Dear me, no, sir, indeed," replied Thomas. "And I'm in no hurry, sir, for two months, or three, for that matter."

"Well, well," returned Mr. Aston, "you can do as you please. You may go at the end of the month, if you think fit. Meanwhile, I must look out for some one to fill your place."

"I shall not be sorry to get quit of the fellow after all," thought Mr. Aston, as Thomas, smirking and bowing, backed out of the study. "I wonder whether Mr. Sinclair or Doctor Pendriggen know of any suitable person. I must inquire next time I see them." And thus thinking, he dismissed the subject from his mind.

Mr. Aston had sat down to write to his son and daughter, in response to the letters received from them by the last American mail. It had become necessary for him to inform them that Henry Talbot was their cousin, and to explain to them the reason wherefore he, himself, had assumed their mother's maiden name on his arrival in England.

"Henry Talbot must have been aware," he wrote, after he had explained the relationship, "that you were his cousins, from the first moment of his arrival at Watertown, and also that there was some mystery pending over me, though it appears from your letters that while you spoke of me by my true name, he has never told you that he only knew me as Mr. Aston. As he could not be sure of my motive in assuming your mother's name, I think he has acted discreetly, and with great circumspection. If he be with you when you receive this letter, or if not, the next time he visits Watertown, it will be for you to turn the tables, and let him know that you have discovered his secret."

There was, however, other matter in the letter, which—although both Henry and Mary Morton had some idea that their father wished to end his days in his

native land—somewhat surprised and startled his children. He wrote that he had made up his mind to remain in England, and that he wished them to come to him as soon as possible.

"I shall not dispose of my American property," he said, "and there is no necessity that I should return to America. You, my son, can do all that is necessary for the present, which is to place some competent person in charge of the property during your absence—say for a twelvemonth; and then, if you choose, after you have seen England, you can return and resume possession. If you decide to remain in England, we must then make arrangements for the sale of the land and houses, and the shipping on the lake. Mary I should wish to remain with me; and, as the season will soon be growing late, I wish you to arrange matters, and embark for England as soon as possible. For aught I see to prevent you, you may be with me in two months from the date on which you receive this letter. I have been so long absent from you that I am naturally anxious to see you back again, and to introduce you to your cousin Mary, whom I am sure you will like. I shall be glad, and so, I am sure, will Mary Talbot, if you can persuade your cousin Henry to return to England with you. I think if you unite your persuasions you may induce him to take passage on board the same ship with you." The letter was filled up with advice relative to the arrangement of affairs during their absence from Watertown, which it is unnecessary to repeat.

When this letter reached its destination, it occasioned some thought. Mr. Morton's wishes, however, exactly coincided with those of his children; and, finally, Henry Morton wrote by the return mail that he and his sister would be able to make all needful preparations and arrangements within a month, and embark for England at the end of that period, and that they hoped to arrive at St. David, bringing Henry Talbot with them, within a few weeks from the date on which their father would receive their present letters.

Henry Talbot was absent on the lake, on board the Franklin, when Mr. Aston's letter, announcing his relationship to the family, arrived at Watertown. When, however, about a week later, he again visited the "Place," he was met, as he entered the grounds, by Mary Morton.

The brother and sister had previously arranged between themselves how they would greet him on the occasion of his next visit, and how they would make known to him that they had discovered the secret which they had no doubt he had kept to himself ever since he had known them.

"Ah, cousin Henry," said the young lady, emphasising the word cousin, "we have been anxiously looking for you for some days past. Your friend, Mr. Aston, has written to us respecting you, and we also have received a letter from our cousin, Mary Talbot. Seriously speaking, sir, what have you to say in extenuation of the shameful duplicity of your behaviour towards my brother and myself?"

The young lady tried to look serious, but she was unequal to the task. Henry Talbot comprehended at once how matters stood, and stammered forth in reply—"It is true, Miss Morton, that I knew—that is, I suspected—I mean to say, I thought from the first, but could not be sure; and I had no right—"

The young man was so confused that he was unable to explain what he wished to say, and Miss Morton, unable longer to keep her countenance, broke into a merry laugh.

The effect was contagious. Henry, who had been doubtful at first whether Miss Morton were not really angry to learn that she and her brother had been in a certain sense his dupes, laughed himself, and neither were able to speak another word until they were joined by Henry Morton.

"You seem to be making merry over the discovery of your cousinship," said the young backwoodsman, smiling himself in sympathy. "However, I am glad to see you, and to welcome you as my cousin, Mr. Talbot," he went on, holding out his hand to his newly discovered relation. "You must have discovered our relationship to you from the first moment you met us," he added. "Why in the name of wonder did you play us such a trick? Why did not you explain to us before this, that you were our cousin?"

"I was about to explain the reason to Miss Mary," replied Henry, "when she interrupted me by laughing at my confusion. I confess that I have suspected, from the first moment I met with you and your sister, that you were the son and daughter of my long lost uncle Henry. Nay, more, my suspicions were awakened before I left St. Louis. I thought, from some words the merchant in whose counting house I served let fall, that my friend Mr. Aston was really Mr. Morton; and as Morton was my mother's maiden name, and as Mr. Aston had taken such strange interest in myself and my sister, I thought it just possible, even then, that he might prove to be my mother's long lost brother. That supposition, in fact, explained several remarks he had made to me at different times, which were inexplicable to me at the moment.

"When I arrived at Watertown, these suspicions became almost certainty, especially when you related to me the history of the travel-stained pocket Bible, and I saw the names in the title page. Still, withal, I could not be positively certain; and if I had been—knowing as I did that your father had thought proper, evidently unknown to yourselves, and for reasons still unknown to me, to assume the name of Aston—I should not have thought myself justified in betraying his incognito to his son and daughter; and unless I had done so, I could scarcely have explained my own suspicions.

"He, I now perceive, has acquainted you with the facts, and I can only say further, that I am happy to claim you for my cousins, and glad that there is no longer necessity for any more mystification between us."

"Nay, the mystification has been all on your side, cousin," said Mary Morton. "I don't know, I'm sure, whether we really ought to overlook such conduct. What do you say, brother Henry? Do you think our cousin's plea justifiable? Do you think that, taking all the circumstances into consideration, we may accord him our forgiveness with a due regard to our own dignity?"

"I think we may, Mary," replied Henry Morton, smiling at his sister; "taking it into consideration that he is a foreigner, unaccustomed to the straightforwardness of our Western habits and manners, especially as we ourselves have to ask a favour from him."

"You mean, Henry, that we are commissioned to beg him to go to England with us?" replied Miss Morton. "Perhaps that may require no great sacrifice on his part. However, I am inclined to be merciful, so I will consent to overlook his past duplicity. What say you, brother?"

Further explanations were then entered into. Henry Talbot read his sister's letter to his cousins, as well as that to himself; and though he, of his own accord, now

that he had obtained employment which suited him, would gladly have remained longer in America, he offered no obstinate objections to his cousins' request, that he would be ready to embark with them for England at the end of another month; supported as their request was by his sister, who, although she made no mention of the distress she had suffered during his absence, expressed herself as especially anxious that he would return home.

He therefore wrote in reply to his sister, that she might expect him to arrive, with his cousins, in about two months from the date of his letter.

Henry Morton arranged with his father's overseer to manage the property during his own and his sister's absence, and Mary set to work at once to make preparations for her long ardently wished for visit to England.

The mail-packet that sailed from New York, exactly one month from that date, bore on her passenger-list the names of Mr. Henry and Miss Morton, of Watertown, Michigan, and Mr. Henry Talbot, of England.

CHAPTER XLII.—JEMMY TAPLEY HAS HIS SUSPICIONS AWAKENED BY A CONVERSATION WITH DAME BOLITHO IN THE FISHERMAN'S ARMS.

It is no easy matter, if it be ever so desirable, to keep any movement a secret in a small country village such as St. David. The news that Thomas Dickson was about to leave Mr. Aston's service, and take to keeping a "public" in Falmouth, soon spread through the village, and most people thought Thomas was a very foolish fellow to think of quitting a good and easy service, under a single gentleman, to encounter all the risks of business. The great wonder, however, was where Thomas Dickson had obtained the capital that would be required to purchase the lease and goodwill of the premises he spoke of occupying; and there were not a few who thought, with Mr. Aston, that Mr. Dickson would be a large and unprofitable consumer of his own liquors.

Nearly two months, however, had passed away since Thomas had given warning to his master that he intended to quit his service, and he still remained, though he intended to leave in the course of another month, by which time the public-house would be handed over to his keeping by its present proprietor. Mr. Aston had not yet engaged a new servant. The fact was, he was indolent in such matters, and, so long as Thomas remained with him, he hardly gave a thought to his leaving him.

The letters from America had been received, and Mr. Morton and Mary Talbot were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the next mail packet, which they expected would bring, as passengers, the son and daughter of the former, and the brother of the latter.

Mary, however, had not received any reply to the letter she had written to Sir Arthur Lockyer; and though she had learnt from Mrs. Margaret, who had returned to Hammersmith, that Sir Arthur was still abroad, she was naturally becoming very uneasy. She thought the young baronet's letters would certainly be forwarded to him, wheresoever he might be, and his continued silence created a doubt in her mind, in spite of her confidence in her brother's innocence, as to whether the baronet had really lent Henry the money he had shown to her.

About this time Jemmy Tapley called in one day at the Fisherman's Arms, as he was in the habit of doing, to indulge in a chat with the widow Bolitho, over a mug of ale and a pipe.

It has been mentioned, in a previous chapter of this history, that Jemmy Tapley was present on the occasion

when Mr. Ferret was talking over the affairs of the village with the buxom and chatty widow; and since that time the old sailor had been turning over in his mind certain expressions he had heard from the lawyer, and wondering what could have brought him—for no apparent purpose—to the village.

That Thomas Dickson was in some way or other connected with the lawyer's visit, the old man felt pretty certain; yet he found himself utterly unable to conceive how two such distinct personages *could* be in any way connected with each other, or could have any business in common.

Jemmy Tapley had never looked with a favourable eye upon Dickson, since the latter had entered Mr. Aston's service; and yet, if he had been asked to give a reason for his dislike to the servant-man, he would have been unable to answer.

In fact, he had no reason for his antipathy, unless it were the innate aversion which a thoroughly honest man sometimes conceives to one whom he suspects to be a knave or a hypocrite; and this species of antipathy or aversion exists more frequently amongst the lowly and uneducated than amongst persons in a superior condition of life, for the simple reason that in the higher classes of society men are better able to conceal their real characters and feelings from each other, under the outward gloss of cultivation and refinement.

"Tummas Dickson still hangs on at Muster Aston's place," observed Jemmy Tapley to Dame Bolitho, on the visit to which I have alluded.

"Ay, Jemmy," replied the widow; "but aw've heard as un be goin' to leave at t'end o' th' month. The more fule he."

"He'll be wantin' a woife to mind the 'public' wi' un," continued the old sailor. "It'll be four year sin' Sally Baker, his first woife, died. He weer livin' i' sarvice i' Falmouth then."

"Who'd be his second woife?" answered Dame Bolitho, with a scornful toss of her head.

"Aw have heard, widdy," the old sailor went on, with a sly glance at the active, bustling dame behind the counter, "ur un ha' arxed you to go wi' un, and be missus o' the public at Falmouth."

"Me!" exclaimed the widow, her face flushing as she spoke. "Aw wudna ha' un, Jemmy, if un weer worth his weight i' goold. Aw woulna' ha' sich as he a'ter Cap'n Bolitho, if theer weer na another man i' the 'varsal world."

"But tha' canna say as un didna arx 'ee, widdy?" persisted the old sailor, enjoying the widow's vexation. "Aw ha' heerd from them as knows as he arxed 'ee so often that tha bade un ne'er to show his face i' thy public agin?"

"Ay," replied the widow, with a smile. "Aw'se warrant Jemmy as un'll not arx me agin. Aw sent un off wi' a flea in his ear, aw trow. He offered me—aw don't mind tellin' thee, Jemmy—he offered me a' the money aw wanted, and he bought a gay, gold bracelet from Falmouth, and said he'd put it on my arm if aw'd say aw'd be his wife. 'Na! not if tha' wert gowd thusen, and aw could melt 'ee down into gowd guineas,' aw told un, and he went off dumbfoundered, and aw ha' na been plagued wi' un sin."

"Where did he find money to take the public, and to buy gowd bracelets wi'?" said Tapley. "That's what aw canna understand, widdy."

"He says as he had a legacy left un," returned the widow. "But he didna give money for th' bracelet. When aw told un he weer too extravagant to go into bis'ness if he spent his money in buying jew'lry, he said

as he hadna bout it, but had changed some owd fashioned jew'ry as had belonged to his wife for th' bracelet, and some money into t' bargain, wi' Caleb Jakes the pawnbroker at Falmouth. Aw should like to know where his wife—poor soul—got hold o' the jew'ry he changed, for her folk as well as his'n weer as poor as church mice."

"What sort o' jimcracks weer they as un changed for t' bracelet?" asked the old sailor.

"Did un tell 'ee, dame?"

"Ay. 'Tweer a locket, he said; but he bid me say nought about it to nobody. But aw don't know why aw should howd my tongue to please him. He may keep t' owd bracelet till he can find a wife to wear it, for me."

Jemmy Tapley had by this time drunk his beer and finished his pipe. The entrance of fresh customers put an end to the conversation, and with a "good e'en" to the widow, and a nod to the fishermen, the old sailor quitted the public, and returned to his own humble cottage, muttering to himself, as he stumped along on his wooden leg, and, to all appearance, sunk in deep cogitation over what he had heard from Dame Bolitho.

THE QUEEN BEE.

THE queen bee, as is known to most, is larger, longer, and tapers more than the working bee. The wings are proportionately shorter, and on the under part of the body she is of a yellowish-brown colour. Like the worker she is armed with a sting. You never see the queen roaming about in search of flowers. Neither the queen nor the drone ever does this. Occasionally, however, the "royal mistress of the hive" flies abroad for an airing, or it may be, according to Huber, for some other equally important purpose.

The prosperity of the hive greatly depends upon the life and health of the queen. There are some circumstances under which even "the busy bee" will not work. Flowers may be scattered thickly over every meadow; trees and bushes may be literally dripping with honey; the bee may have a clean, healthy home, with the wax already made; and yet the bee will not work. How is this? The bees have health, strength, wealth—everything that is needed for bee-life—but the queen is wanting, and they are out of heart. They have no brood-cells to watch, no 'royal mother to defend, and they completely break down under their discouragements.

Who has not seen a royal cell, the "queen's palace" of the hive? This is not her majesty's residence, but her birth-place. It is unlike the other cells, and hangs down from the edge of some piece of comb. The workers and drones are hatched in cells lying in a horizontal position, but the queen is hatched with her head downwards.

Bee-writers tell us that all the eggs laid in the early part of the season are of the working sort; that the eggs for producing drones or males are laid about two months later; and those for the females immediately afterwards. In the first International Exhibition was exhibited a queen said to have been produced from a larva of the working sort; and the production of a queen in this manner has been pronounced "the most remarkable fact ever brought to light in natural history." My opinion is, that there never was a queen produced in any other way, and that all eggs produced by the queen are either male or female. Are not the working bees undeveloped females? Naturalists tell us that they are.

And will not the larva of the working bee produce a queen at any part of the season, if treated with the attention and respect due to royalty? I have had abundant proof that such is the fact. Why suppose anything so unnatural as that a queen bee should lay eggs male and female, and *something else*, this something else being the greater part of the eggs produced during the season? Or why suppose anything so unnecessary, when it is known that the eggs of the working bee sort will bring queens whenever a queen is wanted?

In the middle of March, 1856, the queen of a very prosperous hive, of good weight, died. I found her outside the hive, in a very weak state, and placed her within the doorway of the hive; but she died before the following morning. The busy tenants of the bereft home pursued their avocations as if nothing had happened, which convinced me that the deceased mother had been fruitful up to the time of her death. If so, according to my theory the bees could in due time raise another queen, but one that would necessarily be barren, as no drones were in the hive or in the garden. I watched this case with considerable interest, as it might confirm my views, or, on the other hand, set all my calculations at naught. For several weeks the bees worked well, and carried home a good deal of bee-bread—a sure sign that they had found nothing amiss. Now, however, the time had come "to pass the rubicon." The eggs of the late queen had all been used up, and, if no more could be hatched, the bees would become spiritless and sad. I felt persuaded that a queen had been secured, or the bees would not have worked so long. On the 16th of April there were evident signs of mischief. The hitherto industrious creatures ceased to carry in bee-bread. I wanted no further proof that the queen's eggs were not hatching, the cause of which was sufficiently clear. One of my hives having produced drones rather early, I had the opportunity of supplying my failing stock with their one *desideratum*. Therefore, on the 23rd of April I placed in the hive six drones, and prevented their exit by closing the doorway for a short time. If I had put these strangers into a hive where they were not wanted, they would have been expelled or killed without ceremony. Not so here. By the 10th of May a marked improvement had taken place. From this time the tide of prosperity flowed; and I find the following memorandum on June 17th:—"Drones still keep possession, and the population increases very fast." On the 4th of August I took a bell-glass of honey from this hive.

I once heard a lecturer (Dr. Carpenter) say that when a queen became old and barren, the bees destroy her, and raise up a young one in her room. If Dr. C. had gathered his knowledge from observation, instead of "om books, he would probably have arrived at a different conclusion. The faithful subjects abide by their royal mother to the last; and should her death be of a lingering kind, so that she can lay no eggs for a few weeks, the inevitable ruin of the community follows. I must add, however, that from unhealthy and incompetent queens we get many of our weak stocks, and all our "desertions."

The old queen leaves the hive with the first swarm. When the young queens are hatched, it often happens that another swarm comes off, accompanied by more queens than one; of these, one appears the favourite. Her majesty does not "lead off" her subjects when they colonise, but, dutiful subjects as they are, some of the commonalty precede, and commence clustering on some bush, or other convenient place, the queen following. It sometimes happens that the whole of a swarm will

alight without the queen, in which case they soon return to their old quarters. Take the following in proof. A swarm of mine came off, and "pitched" in their usual orderly manner. Before I had time to secure them they began their homeward flight. As I was watching their movements, I found the queen-mother on the ground, unable to fly; but she appeared to be otherwise in good health. I secured her, and allowed her to enter the hive she had just left. Thinking that the bees might on the following day repeat their attempt to colonise, and with the same result, I resolved to put the queen, with the swarm, into another hive. As I anticipated, the swarm again left the hive and clustered as before. Again I caught the queen, and, having hastily removed the old stock out of the way, put an empty hive in its place, and gave her majesty undisputed possession. Before she had time to complain, "This does not suit my dignity," the swarm, discovering the absence of the queen, again returned to what they expected to be their old home, but chanced to be another, and one not so well provided with conveniences and comforts. As soon as possible I carried away the swarm and replaced the parent stock. Afterwards all things went on smoothly and well.

Upon a similar occasion I found the queen, and thought it best to destroy her. The bees returned as usual, and awaited the advent of a more youthful empress. On the 9th day the hostile trumpet announced the birth of rival queens: one or two of these left with the swarm on the following day.

I once hived a fine swarm, and soon the bees, instead of going off to work, began making a sound which, to the apiarian's practised ear, means "We don't like our new lodgings, master." I went to the parent stock to watch them crowd home. On the doorway-platform of an adjoining hive there was a singular little bunch or coil of bees that attracted my attention. Suspecting that the lost queen might be in the middle, I hastily removed the whole to the hive which the swarm was deserting, put them on the ground, separated the bees, and, seeing the queen amongst them, guided her to the hive. The bees instantly changed their tone, and no more of them left the hive.

J. B.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

JUNE.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

MIDNIGHT at midsummer, in the latitude of London, is so influenced by twilight, that many of the small stars, visible to the unassisted eye in the dark nights of winter, can only then be seen with telescopic aid, especially those north of the zenith. The sky near the north horizon is now more or less illuminated, while the general aspect of the heavens bears witness that there is no real night, but that there is constant day or twilight throughout the twenty-four hours. To those of our readers who are resident in the north of England, or in Scotland, the absence of complete darkness at midnight will be still more evident; but if we proceed to higher latitudes, or within the Arctic circle, we shall find that there will be no darkness at all, and that the phenomenon of the midnight sun will at that hour be daily observed skirting the northern horizon. In London, however, there is always sufficient darkness on a midsummer midnight to observe stars down to the fifth magnitude with the naked eye, and consequently all contained in our diagrams.

Referring first to the lower map, or to the southern half of the sky, it will be perceived that, although there

is a general absence of very conspicuous constellations, yet several well-known stars are to be seen in different directions. Let us confine our attention at present to the sky east of the meridian, starting, as usual, from the zenith. The first star which naturally attracts our notice is Vega, about ten degrees south-east of that point. Very near Vega, in the same direction, are Beta and Gamma Lyrae, two stars of the third magnitude. Directly below these, and between Lyra and Aquila, are the small constellations, Vulpecula, the Fox, and Sagitta, the Arrow. Aquila can be distinguished midway between the zenith and the horizon, by its group of three stars in the neck of the Eagle, the central and the largest being Alpha Aquilæ, or Altair. Between Aquila and the horizon, Capricornus is situated. The position of this sign of the zodiac is not, however, well marked, owing to the paucity of large stars in that neighbourhood. North-east of Vega several bright stars in Cygnus are clearly visible, four of them being of the third magnitude. These are all generally known by a Greek letter, the star nearest to the zenith being Delta, the next Gamma, then Epsilon, and the last Zeta Cygni. To the north of Gamma, Alpha Cygni, or Deneb, shines as a star of the first magnitude; but this object is included in the northern half of the sky, and consequently will be found in the upper map. Between Cygnus and the eastern horizon the space is occupied by the constellation Pegasus, one half of which at midnight is south, and the other half north of the imaginary line separating the two halves of the sky. Several bright stars in Pegasus can be seen near the horizon in the east. Three of these, together with the principal star in Andromeda, will form conspicuous objects in future diagrams, the combination being popularly known as the square of Pegasus. Between Aquila and Pegasus two small constellations, Equuleus and Delphinus, may be noticed, the latter more especially by a group of fourth and fifth magnitude stars. The horizon from due east to due west is occupied by several of the signs of the zodiac, the constellations, commencing from the east, being Aquarius, Capricornus, Sagittarius, Scorpio, Libra, and Virgo, the last mentioned extending to a little north of west.

The principal stars on the meridian at this time are those in Ophiuchus, the chief object in which is Ras Alague, or Alpha Ophiuchi, about forty degrees from the zenith. Between Ophiuchus and the zenith the space is occupied solely by the constellation Hercules, which extends to a point very near the two bright stars in the zenith, Beta and Gamma in Draco. Ophiuchus spreads over a large portion of the sky on each side of the meridian, and reaches nearly to the south horizon. Excepting two or three stars near Ras Alague of the third magnitude, there is very little to attract the attention of observers in this constellation. West of the meridian, several well-known objects, the positions of which we have pointed out in the descriptions of the diagrams of preceding months, are still very conspicuous. First, near the horizon in the W.S.W., but out of the limits of our diagram, Spica, and other bright stars in Virgo, are on the point of setting. Arcturus, and a few other tolerably large objects in Boötes, are now a little south of west, about forty degrees from the horizon. They can be readily found by the ruddy appearance of Arcturus. Between Arcturus and the meridian, Alphecca and its companions, forming the Northern Crown, can be easily observed by the regularity and compactness of form of that small constellation. Directly south of Corona Borealis, and exactly midway between the zenith and horizon, Serpens, with a group of several bright objects, can be seen, the principal star being between the second

and third magnitudes. This portion of the heavens, including Hercules, Serpens, and part of Ophiuchus, is peculiarly rich in stars of the second class. Near the S.S.W. horizon, the constellation Scorpio, with its bright star Antares, a few of the second and third magnitudes, and more than usual of the fourth and fifth, can now be easily recognised. In June, 1868, the planet Saturn will still be found among the stars in Scorpio. Alpha and Beta Libræ are also visible, but they are within a short time of setting. Libra occupies the greater part of the south-western horizon.

The principal constellations in the south half of the midnight sky of London, in the middle of the month of June, may be briefly enumerated as follows:—Hercules, Lyra, Corona Borealis, Vulpecula, Sagitta, Delphinus, Equuleus, Aquila, Ophiuchus, Serpens, and Libra; and parts of Boötes, Cygnus, Pegasus, Coma Berenices, Virgo, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, and Aquarius.

Serpens is one of the forty-eight ancient constellated groups, and extends over a considerable portion of the sky; the head, which is under Corona Borealis, is well marked by several stars of the third magnitude; the body winds through Ophiuchus, and the tail reaches the Milky Way near Aquila. Its principal star, Alpha Serpentis, of the second and a half magnitude, was known to the ancients by the name of Unukalkay, and by the astrologers of the middle ages as Cor Serpentis, or the heart of the serpent. This star is of a pale yellow colour, and is closely followed by a very small telescopic object, first noticed by Sir William Herschel, with his twenty-foot reflector. In the catalogues of Ptolemy and Copernicus this constellation is made to consist of eighteen stars, all of which were clearly visible to the naked eye; Flamsteed increased this number to sixty-four, while the atlas of Bode contains 187. Most of the principal stars in Serpens are situated in or near the head; Alpha is, however, in the fore-part of the body, a short distance below the head. The reader can easily identify the last-mentioned star in the diagrams of the south sky, by drawing a straight line from Alpha Aquilæ, or Altair, east of the meridian, through Alpha Ophiuchi, or Ras Alague, on the meridian, to a corresponding distance west of the meridian, when it will pass through, or very near, Alpha Serpentis. Or, if we have recourse, as on other occasions, to the rhymester, the upper part of the body of the serpent may be clearly pointed out by reference to the same stars:—

"To strike th' insidious Serpent's heart,
A line from Altair wield,
From thence below Ras Alague,
Across th' Arabian Field;
And when as far again you've reached,
As those two stars may be,
The middle one of three fair gems,
Serpentis Cor you'll see."

Libra, the Balance, is the first autumnal sign, and the seventh in order of the twelve signs of the zodiac. This constellation is bounded on the east by Scorpio, on the south by Centaurus and Lupus, on the west by Virgo, and on the north principally by Serpens. According to Ptolemy, it contained only seventeen stars visible to the naked eye; but in the atlas of Bode, 180 are inserted. The position of the two scales is pointed out by the two principal stars, Alpha and Beta, the former being exactly midway between Spica and Antares. Alpha Libræ is of the third magnitude, and of a pale yellow colour, preceded by a star of the sixth magnitude. Beta Libræ, a pale emerald-coloured star, is of the second magnitude, situated a short distance to the north-east of Alpha. The Balance was considered of old to typify the equality of the autumnal days and nights, as well as

the general uniformity of temperature at that season of the year. The sign of Libra has been the subject of a difference of opinion among astrologers, some of whom have placed it among their lucky signs, while others have classed it, owing to its proximity to Scorpio, among those least beneficial to human interests. An illustration of the latter has been gathered from an old illuminated almanack bearing the date of 1386, in which it is calmly stated that "whoso es born in yat syne sal be an ille doar and a traytor." Libra contains several interesting double and triple stars, and two clusters. One of the clusters, No. 5, Messier Libræ, is a beautiful object over the beam of the Balance. Through telescopes fitted with a low magnifying power, this superb cluster has the appearance of a round nebula. When Messier observed it first in 1764, he described it as such, adding the remark, "I am certain that it contains no star." But when Sir William Herschel, in May, 1791, directed his great forty-foot reflecting telescope to it, he found it resolved into separate stars, of which he counted no fewer than 200. At the same time, the central mass was so compressed, that he was not able to resolve that part of the cluster, so as to distinguish the different components.

Scorpio, the Scorpion, is the eighth sign in order of the zodiac, and one of the forty-eight old constellations. Of its origin we have been informed by the ancient poets of Greece, that the Scorpion was sent by Diana to destroy Orion for interfering with the duties of her office. Ovid, however, tells us "that this Scorpion was produced by the earth to punish Orion's vanity for having boasted that there was not on the terraqueous globe any animal which he could not conquer." The autumnal season of the year has also been fitly represented by the Scorpion, for whereas the former produces in abundance all kinds of fruits which are frequently the parents of many diseases, so the latter, as he recedes on his path, is supposed to inflict all manner of wounds with his tail. Scorpio is bounded on the east by Sagittarius, on the south by Lupus, Norma, and Ara, on the west by Libra, and on the north by Ophiuchus and Serpens. Antares, called also Cor Scorpii (the heart of the scorpion), is the chief star in this constellation, and is a small first-magnitude star, preceded by a very close companion of a bluish colour. Antares shines with a deep red light, and may be found readily by drawing a line from Vega, through Ras Alague.

"Through Ras Alague, Vega's beams direct th' inquiring eye,
Where Scorpio's heart, Antares, decks the southern summer sky."

Antares, with Aldebaran in Taurus, Regulus in Leo, and Fomalhaut in Piscis Australis, were looked upon by the ancient Persians as the guardian stars of the heavens, dividing the celestial sphere into four equal parts. When Aldebaran was in the vernal equinox, and the guardian of the eastern sky, Antares was in the autumnal equinox, with a like charge of the western sky. Regulus being near the summer, and Fomalhaut the winter solstice, these two stars overlooked the northern and southern portions of the heavens respectively. At the present date, these four stars no longer hold these prominent offices, as the equinoxes and solstices are now in very different parts of the heavens, on account of their retrogression, produced by what is technically called "the precession of the equinoxes." In like manner, we can imagine how much the position of the first point of Aries, or the vernal equinox, will be changed in future ages with respect to the stars. Even at the present time, this point is no longer in Aries, but has penetrated some distance into Pisces.

Scorpio is not a large, but it is a very brilliant con-

stellation. Besides Antares, it contains Beta Scorpii, or Iklil, a star of the second magnitude, with an interesting close companion of the sixth magnitude. Scorpio also includes a great number of stars from the third to the fifth magnitudes. This general brilliancy was certain to attract the attention of the astrologers and soothsayers of the early and middle ages. On this subject, the late admiral Smyth remarks, in his "Celestial Cycle," that Scorpio was always looked at as a group



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, JUNE 15.

of stars portending universal evil. He says "Scorpio attracted much notice from the corps of astrologers, with whom it was the 'accursed constellation,' and the baleful source of war and discord; for, besides its being accompanied by tempests when setting, it was of the watery triplicity, and the stinging symbol of autumnal diseases, as it winds along with its receding tail. But though stigmatised as 'the false sign' by seers of every degree, the redoubtable Gadbury, at whose birth it ascended, broke many a lance in its defence, and stoutly contended for its beneficial influences; and the alchemists were well assured that the transmutation of iron into gold could only be performed when the sun was in that sign."

Corona Borealis, or the Northern Crown, is a small



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, JUNE 15.

constellation between Boötes and Hercules. It consists principally of the group of well-known stars in the form of a crescent, the position of which, and the means of finding it, we have already described. Its principal star, Alphecca, or Gemma, is of the second magnitude,

and is situated in the centre of the front of the crown, as the most precious stone in the diadem. Four stars are of the fourth magnitude. This constellation, confined as it is within a very limited space, contains, nevertheless, some interesting objects, including three binary, in addition to other double stars, and also a triple and a quadruple star. Corona Borealis is one of the ancient asterisms, and is supposed to have derived its name as far back as the date of the origin of the zodiacal signs. It was also considered to be the crown of the Virgin, from its rising immediately after Virgo. According, however, to the mythology of the Greeks, the origin of the name arose from the circumstance of a beautiful crown having been presented by Bacchus to Ariadne, daughter of Minos, King of Crete. On the death of Ariadne, who had become the wife of Bacchus, and as a memorial to her honour, this crown was placed among the stars, forming the constellation Corona Borealis. By reference to other stars, there are various ways by which this group can be pointed out. One of them is by passing a line from the last two stars in the tail of the Great Bear, through the northern part of Boötes, when it will pass a short distance south of the group. In the spring months, the following alignment in rhyme will also serve this purpose, Epsilon Virginis, referred to in the first line, being the most northerly conspicuous star in Virgo above Spica:—

"From epsilon in Virgo's side Arcturus seek, and stem,
And just as far again you'll spy Corona's beauteous gem:
There no mistake can well befall e'en him who little knows,
For bright and circular the Crown conspicuously glows."

It was near Epsilon Coronæ Borealis, the most easterly star of the principal group, that a most extraordinary temporary star suddenly appeared on May 12th, 1866, shining equal to one of the second magnitude. The first trustworthy observation was made at Tuam, Ireland, but it was on the same and subsequent days discovered independently in various parts of Europe, North America, and India. When first noticed, its lustre equalled Alphecca, but the daily diminution of brightness from the day of discovery was very rapid, amounting for some time to an average rate of half a magnitude each day. Within a month it decreased to the ninth magnitude, to a mere point even when viewed through our principal telescopes. This wonderful object is all the more curious from the circumstance that it is a catalogued star observed by M. Argelander, of Bonn, in the years 1855 and 1856, and noted by him as of the ninth and a half magnitude. From the sudden outburst of this star, which was not previously suspected of variability, astronomers have been led to consider that it most probably had been subject to some catastrophe, the effects of which first became apparent to us in May, 1866. If the outburst consisted of inflammable gas, the star would naturally return to its normal size as soon as the gas was completely consumed. From the second week in June till the middle of August, the star continued of the ninth magnitude; but in the autumn of 1866, the light of the star again increased for a few weeks, and then resumed its ordinary appearance, as first observed in 1855 by M. Argelander. It has been frequently examined since, but no appreciable change has been noticed. As a proof that something peculiar has been going on in this hitherto comparatively insignificant object, it may be stated that the analysis of its light, as viewed through a spectroscope, has not only exhibited the dark lines of the spectrum similarly to those in the spectra of other stars; but in addition, a series of bright lines has been observed, indicating that the light by

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, JUNE 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, JUNE 15.



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which the secondary spectrum was formed, was emitted by matter in a state of luminous gas. The position of one of the bright lines was coincident with that found from the analysis of the light produced from the combustion of hydrogen gas. Many explanations, or rather speculations, have been given concerning the origin of this remarkable outburst, but nothing of a decided nature has been published. It may possibly be a variable star analogous to those which are known to have their regular periods of increase and diminution of lustre; but still its peculiar double spectrum must naturally lead us to infer that the surface, or more probably the atmosphere, of this distant globe, has been subjected to a conflagration of some kind, or, as it has been aptly termed by the Rev. C. Pritchard, the late president of the Royal Astronomical Society, "the atmosphere of a world on fire." The position in the heavens of this curious object, as well as its relative size with respect to the stars in Corona Borealis, can be readily seen by reference to the accompanying small diagram, in which the new star is inserted at its maximum magnitude, as observed on the night of its discovery.

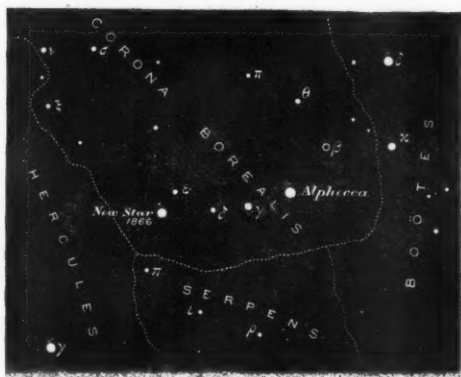


CHART SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE NEW STAR IN CORONA BOREALIS.

A few stars have lately been examined, whose spectra show bright lines very similar in their nature to those of this temporary star in Corona Borealis, and consequently differing considerably from the general stellar spectrum in which black absorption lines only are visible. M. Secchi first pointed out Gamma Cassiopeiae as one of these abnormal stars, and MM. Wolf and Rayet have since added three others of small magnitude, very near each other in Cygnus, to the list.

We will now transfer our attention briefly to the upper map, which is illustrative of the midsummer midnight sky of London north of the zenith. First, let us look directly overhead, where the two stars Beta and Gamma Draconis will be noticed as the brightest objects in the immediate neighbourhood, the more westerly star being Beta. Draco at this time occupies nearly the whole of the sky near the meridian between the zenith and Polaris, and all the stars as far as the Lesser Bear belong to that constellation. Commencing at Polaris, the form of Ursa Minor can be traced to the two bright stars, Kocab and Gamma Ursæ Minoris, which are a short distance west of the meridian in the direction of the zenith. The space between these stars and Charles's Wain, in Ursa Major, is also occupied by a part of Draco, which winds its way almost to the north side of Polaris. Confining our remarks at present to the stars west of the meridian, the principal constellations which fall under our view are, in addition to

Draco and Ursa Minor, the whole of Ursa Major, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, Leo Minor, and Lynx, with portions of Boötes, Leo, and Auriga. The seven principal stars of Ursa Major now occupy the north-west sky, the pointers Dubhe and Merak being about midway between the zenith and horizon. Below Ursa Major, and near the horizon in the north-west, but out of the range of the diagram, portions of Leo and Leo Minor may be seen with some of the bright stars of Leo near the horizon. Looking due west from the two stars in Draco in the zenith, and passing down to the horizon, we traverse more or less through Hercules, Boötes, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, and Virgo, the last-mentioned being in the horizon. Below Ursa Major in the N.N.W., Lynx is situated, while in the north horizon the meridian divides the constellation Auriga, and its two bright stars, Capella and Beta Aurigæ, the former being slightly east, and the latter slightly west of due north.

The sky east of the meridian includes the whole of Cepheus, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, and Lacerta, and considerable portions of Perseus, Cygnus, Draco, Pegasus, Pisces, and Camelopardus. Let us now look due east from the two zenithal Draconian stars. At about one-third of the distance to the horizon, the eye will fall on Alpha Cygni, or Deneb, and near the horizon, on the bright stars of Pegasus. The stars of the latter constellation are now outside of the limit of this month's diagram, but they will in future appear in the views of the south sky. The most attractive constellation in the north-east is Cassiopeia, which is about midway between the horizon and zenith, having Cepheus above, and Perseus and Andromeda below. The principal stars in Perseus, including Alpha Persei, and Algol, are visible near the N.N.E. horizon, east of the conspicuous stars Capella and Beta Aurigæ.

The relative positions of the constellations which we have been describing, will be precisely the same with respect to the meridian and horizon, at other hours than midnight, in preceding and succeeding months of the year. Consequently our diagrams for June are also available for comparison with the heavens at 10 P.M. on July 15th, at 8 P.M. on August 15th, at 6 P.M. on September 15th, at 6 A.M. on March 15th, at 4 A.M. on April 15th, and at 2 A.M. on May 15th.

The short nights of summer are not generally favourable for the observation of the planets, but on June 9th, 1898, Venus is at her greatest brilliancy, and is therefore the most magnificent of all the stars soon after sunset during the month. She is in the constellation Cancer in the north-western sky, and can be recognised long before any other star becomes visible. Venus sets below the horizon about twenty minutes before midnight on the 1st, at 10.38 P.M. on the 15th, and at 9.20 P.M. on the 30th.—Mercury is also an evening star, and in a very clear sky may be seen after sunset near the north-west horizon. In the beginning of the month he sets about two hours after the sun, and at the end one hour. The only favourable time for observing Mercury with the naked eye is, therefore, on evenings before the 20th of the month.—Mars is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2.32 A.M., on the 15th at 1.56 A.M., and on the 30th at 1.23 A.M.; he will consequently be visible in the north-east sky among the stars in Aries, shortly before sunrise.—Jupiter is a conspicuous morning star in the constellation Pisces, and rises on the 1st at 1.42 A.M., on the 15th at 0.45 A.M., and on the 30th at a quarter of an hour before midnight.—Saturn continues in Scorpio, and is visible to the naked eye very nearly

throughout the night hours. He is on the meridian before midnight, and sets on the 1st at 3.50 A.M., on the 15th at 2.48 A.M., and on the 30th at 1.47 A.M.—Uranus is above the horizon during the day-time, and is therefore unfavourably situated even for telescopic observation.

At the beginning of June the moon will be in Virgo; on the 2nd she enters Libra, on the 3rd Scorpio, on the 5th Sagittarius, in which sign she remains till the 7th; on the 8th and 9th she is in Capricornus; from the 10th to 12th in Aquarius; and on the 12th she enters Pisces. From this day she rises after midnight, and during the remainder of the lunation she is visible for a few days only before sunrise. Full moon takes place on the 5th, at 6.55 A.M.; last quarter on the 13th, at 10.14 A.M.; new moon on the 20th, at 2.45 P.M.; and first quarter on the 27th, at 5.51 A.M. Two days after new moon she may be seen as a very fine crescent in the north-west in Cancer, near the planet Venus. On the 23rd she enters Leo; from the 25th to 28th she is in Virgo, and in Libra at the end of the month. On the morning of the 10th she is in apogee, or at her greatest distance from the earth, and on the 22nd she is in perigee, or at her least distance from us.

TEMPLE BAR.

THE history of the Bar, or rather Bars (for there were more than one, which, receiving their name from the adjacent Temple, separated the freedom of the City of London from the liberty of the city of Westminster), is very obscure. Anciently this separation was made by posts, rails, and a chain similar to those which formerly were placed at Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel. It is, however, at this distance of time, impossible to ascertain, with any certainty, when they were removed, and a house of timber, extending across the street, erected. This timber house had a narrow gateway, and one passage only through the south side of it for foot-passengers.

In the royal progress of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn to Westminster from the Tower of London*, on Saturday, May 31st, 1533, preparatory to her coronation on the Whit Sunday following, we find the first mention of a Bar, or house of timber, in Fleet Street.

After describing various scenes in the Triumph, at notable points of the route, the old chronicler, Edward Hall, tells us that "Temple Bar was newly painted and repaired; and there also stood divers men and children, and so the company rode to Westminster Hall."

Anne Boleyn was the last of Henry VIII's crowned queens. No further mention of the Bar is made in this reign, and we have to follow the son of Queen Jane Seymour, the youthful Edward VI, to his coronation, to find the next notice of this City entrance. On February 19th, 1547, the Gate, we are informed, made a gay and handsome appearance, "being painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standard of flags; there were also eight French trumpeters, blowing their trumpets, after the fashion of their country, and a pair of regals with children singing to the same." Edward, however, was not long to wear the crown; of a feeble constitution, he died of consumption at Greenwich, in the sixteenth year of his age, and the seventh of his reign. Mary Tudor, his half-sister, succeeded him; and, in accordance with

* From a very early period of our history, it had been the custom of our kings and their consorts to sleep in the Tower the night prior to their coronation.

ancient custom, on September 27th, 1553, being the day prior to her coronation, she rode through the City, not as her predecessors had done, on horseback, but in a chariot of cloth of tissue, drawn by six horses, trapped with the same; and we find that Temple Bar was then "newly painted and hanged."

It is in this reign, also, that we have discovered in the City Records the first entry of any matter connected with the Bar; it is as follows:—

"Oct. 23, 1554. I. and II. Philip and Mary.

"Mr. Chamberlain shall commit the custody of the new Gates at Temple Bar to the Citty's tenants dwelling nigh unto the said gates, taking nevertheless especial order with them, for the shutting and opening the same gates at convenient hours."

Wyatt and his followers had, probably a few months previously, in his ill-contrived rebellion, destroyed, or so damaged the old Gates in forcing his way into the City, that the civic authorities were compelled to erect new ones, the care of which, by the above resolution, devolved on those of the City's tenants who were living adjacent to them.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Temple Bar again bore its share in the pageantry set up to celebrate the royal passage from the Tower to Westminster. It was honoured, on this occasion, with the presence of the two giants from Guildhall, Gotmagot the Albion and Corinaeus the Briton, who held between them a poetical recapitulation of the pageantries, both in Latin and English. The Bar put on its gayest attire; "on the south side was a noise of singing children, one of whom, richly attired as a poet, gave the Queen farewell in the name of the whole City."

Time passed on, and with it the Augustan age of pageantry; and for the next hundred years no entry is found in the civic records relating to Temple Bar.

Triumphal arches were raised to welcome James I to the capital of his newly-acquired kingdom, as well as on the return of his grandson, Charles II, after his banishment from it. Little mention, however, is made of the Timber House which stood across the street; and three scourges had visited the nation, civil war, pestilence, and fire, before we again meet in the City Records with any mention of it; and now it is not for its safe keeping, but for its destruction, that the Court of Aldermen and Common Council ordered:—

"1669. 21 Car. II. July 29th.

"The Commissioners of Streets and Sewers, sitting at Scotland Yard, have several times proposed the opening and taking down of Temple Barr, for enlarging the streets there, and to pay the sum of £1005 out of the revenue arising by Hackney Coaches, to satisfy the City, and such as claim under them for their respective estates in the houses, and rebuilding over and adjoining to the said building, and towards the charge of taking down and rebuilding the same; to which this Court hath hitherto declined to agree to, in regard, it appears, upon a due estimate and computation, that the charge of that work will far surmount the said sum. Now this day the Lord Mayor made relation unto the Court that his Lordship was sent for to appear before his Majesty in Council on Friday last, upon his Majesty's demand did offer his charge before mentioned as the reason why the said Temple Barr was not taken down without, respecting the great sum of money the City had expended towards the rebuilding their public works consumed in the great dismal fire, amounting already to about £60,000, for all which they are thereby clearly indebted, and how great a sum is yet further necessary to the works remaining, with other instances of this City's present weak estate and inability. But that His Majesty did nevertheless insist upon taking down of the said Barr and Buildings, and signifying his pleasure several times to that purpose, and that towards the said charge the City should accept the said £1005, but was pleased afterwards to declare that when that sum was expended he would take care they should be further supplied, either out of the said revenue by Hackney Coaches or otherwise, for reviving or finishing that work.

It was ordered—"That Mr. Chamberlain should receive the sum of £1005 towards the rebuilding of the said Barr."

In pursuance of this resolution the work of destruction shortly commenced, and the old timber house was speedily demolished, and the stone gateway (completed

in 1672, after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren) occupied its place

The old house, as we have seen, had ever been associated with scenes of joy and festivity, whilst the one now erected by royal command was to be noted for exhibitions of a sadder sort.

occupant, let us describe the structure. "The gate," says Stow, in his Survey, 1720, "is built of Portland stone, of rustique work below, and of the Corinthian order. Over the gateway on the east side, fronting the City of London, in two niches are the effigies in stone of Queen Elizabeth [an error for Queen Anne of Denmark,



FLEET STREET AND TEMPLE BAR IN 1867.

In the early days of English history, the north, and subsequently the south tower on London Bridge, from their public position, had been considered favourably adapted for striking terror into the hearts of the rebelliously inclined, by the display of the lifeless heads of those who had fallen under the severity of the laws of high treason. The heads of Sir William Wallace, More, and Fisher had been thus affixed on the northern tower, whilst the heads of the regicides and the fifth-monarchy men were the last that frowned from the southern or Southwark tower.

In the fire of London, in 1666, much of the unhappy old bridge was destroyed. No more heads were ever again exhibited on London Bridge. Temple Bar, on its erection, was chosen by the Crown to convey the moral lesson to the public, and for nearly a century it was seldom, perhaps never, free from these black and decaying fractions of humanity.

Previous to our introducing to its summit its first

wife of James I] and King James I, very curiously carved, and the King's arms over the key-stone of the gate; the supporters being at a distance over the rustique work. And on the west side, fronting the City of Westminster, in two niches, are the like figures of King Charles I and King Charles II in Roman habits. Through this gate are two passages for foot-passengers: one on the south, over which is engraven, 'Erected, Sir Samuel Starling being Maior;' and another on the north, over which is engraven, 'Continued, Sir Richard Ford, Maior. Finished, Sir George Waterman, Maior.'

It was completed, as we have already stated, in the year 1672, and had attained the immature age of eleven years, when in the mayoralty of Sir William Pritchard, 1683, it was destined to impart its first moral lesson. In the summer of that year, one of the quarters of Sir Thomas Armstrong, executed for connection with the Monmouth rebellion, was displayed on a spike on its summit. His head being set up upon Westminster Hall, between

those of Cromwell and Bradshaw, one of the quarters upon *Temple Bar*, two others on Aldersgate and Aldgate, the fourth was sent down to Stafford, which borough he had represented in Parliament.

Twelve years elapsed before the Bar received another ghastly contribution. The House of Stuart had then ceased to reign; William III sat alone on the throne. The death of Mary had revived the hopes of the Jacobite party, and towards the close of the year 1695 a scheme for assassinating the King, and an invasion from France, was concocted by a few of the most daring adherents of James. The plot, however, was discovered when on the eve of execution. The chief parties engaged in this transaction in England were Sir George Barclay, a native of Scotland; Sir John Friend, a brewer in the Minories; and Sir William Parkyns, a clerk in Chancery. Sir George Barclay escaped, and was never taken; Sir John Friend and Sir W. Parkyns were speedily apprehended, tried, and found guilty of high treason, and executed at Tyburn on the 3rd of April, 1696. The quarters of Sir William Parkyns and Sir John Friend, together with the head of the former, were placed on Temple Bar.

Evelyn, in his "Diary," referring to this melancholy scene, remarks—"A dismal sight, which many pitied. I think there never was such a Temple Bar till now, except once in the time of King Charles II, viz. Sir Thomas Armstrong."

Anne, the last of the Stuart Queens, grand-daughter of the great Lord Chancellor Hyde, died childless in 1714; and George I, a Prince of the House of Hanover, peacefully ascended the throne. Little probability, however, existed of his being permitted to retain quietly that crown which by virtue of the Act of Settlement he had acquired. Civil war was decided upon, and the "Rising" of 1715 took place. The Bar—the stone book of the social history of England during this century—quickly recorded their "Rising" by displaying to the crowds who passed to and from the City the head of another of King James's friends, Joseph Sullivan, who had been tried, condemned, and executed at Tyburn for enlisting persons in the service of the Pretender, as James III was then called. The defeat at Preston provided a second head for the Bar—Colonel Henry Oxburg, executed at Tyburn on the 14th day of May 1716, and whose head gazed on the crowd from the top of the Bar on the 16th of the same month, "which is a circumstance," remarks a writer of that day, "which we choose to mention, that the rebels may place it among their other saint days."

Christopher Layer or Counsellor Layer, as he was familiarly named, is the next name associated with Temple Bar. On the 17th May 1723, he was executed at Tyburn for conspiring in behalf of the Pretender. The day subsequent to his execution, his head was placed on Temple Bar; there it remained, blackened and weather-beaten with the storms of many successive years, until it became its oldest occupant. A generation passed, and infancy had advanced into mature manhood, yet, despite the lapse of time, still that head repulsively looked down from the summit of the arch. For upwards of thirty years it remained, till the elements accomplished what the improving taste of the public had in vain demanded. On one stormy night a summary ejection was served, and the head of Layer left its long resting-place, and descended from the arch into the Strand. We extract from Mr. Nicholls' "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," the sequel of this curious history. "When the head of Layer was blown from Temple Bar, it was picked up by a gentle-

man in the neighbourhood (Mr. John Pierce, an attorney), who showed it to some persons at a public-house, under the floor of which, I have been assured, it was buried. Dr. Rawlinson, meanwhile, having made inquiries after the head, with a wish to purchase it, was imposed upon with another instead of Layer's, which he preserved as a valuable relique, and directed it to be buried in his right hand, which request was complied with." This Dr. Rawlinson, we may observe, who was so greatly attached to the House of Stuart, was one of the first promoters of the Antiquarian Society; he was the third son of Sir Thomas Rawlinson, Lord Mayor of London, 1706. Dr. Rawlinson died April 5th, 1755, and by his will ordered his body to be buried in a vault in St. Giles's Churchyard, Oxford, and his heart in St. John's College, as a mark of his affection.

Years pass on without our being able to meet with any joyous reminiscences of the Bar. Its records only tell of mourning and sorrow. The "Rising of '45" had taken place—the battle of Culloden had been fought. In the number of prisoners taken and brought up to London for trial, were two whose heads were to be the last set up on the gate. The public mind was becoming impressed with the idea that no great moral improvement had hitherto been effected by habituating the public to these horrid, ghastly spectacles. It was destined, however, to another trial, and Francis Towneley, a younger son of the old, honourable, and still flourishing Lancashire family of Towneley of Towneley, whose grandfather had fought and died for King Charles at the fatal battle of Marston Moor, and George Fletcher, of a good family at Salford, near Manchester, who had purchased a captain's commission in the Pretender's army, were tried, with several others, and found guilty of high treason. On the 30th day of July, 1746, they were executed at Kennington Common, and their heads removed to Temple Bar.

For several weeks, curiosity induced numbers to gather about the arch, to gaze on those livid features which life and health had so recently animated. Glasses were let on hire, that the morbid feelings of the masses might be indulged by a closer examination.

Of a character far more refined and intellectual is the following anecdote, related by Dr. Johnson, in reference to this subject. "I remember," said the great lexicographer, "being, on one occasion, with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, from Ovid—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slily whispered to me—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'"

These were the last fractions of humanity that Temple Bar was destined to receive. Before other treasonable attempts had subjected their promoters to well-merited punishment, society had undergone a great change. The idea had acquired the force of conviction that these unhappy spectacles, instead of elevating, degraded the moral condition of the people. Again, a few years, and the gibbets on our commons, and the dry bones suspended from them, were for ever removed from the public gaze.

We have little more to say of the ghastly occupants of the Bar. We find, however, the following curious statement in the "Annual Register" for January, 1766:—

"This morning (Jan. 20th), between two and three o'clock, a person was observed to watch his opportunity of discharging musket-balls, from a steel cross-bow at the two remaining heads upon Temple Bar.

On his examination he affected a disorder of his senses, and said his reason for his so doing was his strong attachment to the present Government, and that he thought it was not sufficient that a traitor should only suffer death, and that this provoked his indignation; and that it had been his constant practice, for three nights past, to amuse himself in the same manner. But it is much to be feared that he is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." The account given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" further states, "Upon searching him, about fifty musket-balls were found wrapped in a paper, with this motto, *Eripuit ille vitam*."

No further efforts appear to have been made, either by the friends or enemies of the reigning family, either by the sane or the insane, to dislodge these grim tenants of the Bar. There they remained until the 31st of March, 1772, when one of them fell down, and, we believe, very shortly afterwards, during a high wind, the remaining head was swept from its lofty position, and Temple Bar remained untenanted.

Mr. John Taylor, however, remarks, in the "Records of my Life":—"It was not to the wind alone that the removal of this head is to be attributed. Mr. Charles Towneley, a gentleman long distinguished for his love of the fine arts, and to whom the nation is indebted for the noble collection of marbles known as the Towneley Marbles, was the nephew of the unfortunate gentleman who was beheaded for high treason, and whose head I remember to have seen placed upon a pole on the top of Temple Bar. As this exhibition was painful in no slight degree to Mr. Towneley, some of his friends, among whom was the Rev. John Penneck of the British Museum, formed a plan for removing it; and one night, which happened to be a very windy one, they effected their purpose without interruption. No inquiry was made, as it was inferred that the head had been blown off by the storm. Mr. Towneley had therefore the melancholy pleasure of having deposited the head in the tomb of his ancestors." Mr. John Taylor died in May, 1832, at the age of seventy-six.

From this time it is pleasing to record that the Bar is no longer associated with the criminal history of the country. True, its days of sorrow are not over, but when it again mourned, it was with a whole nation. On the 9th January, 1806, when the body of the illustrious Nelson was borne to St. Paul's Cathedral on an open funeral car, Temple Bar was surrounded by a weeping multitude. The old stone gateway, however, looked on, cold and apathetic; for on this occasion no sombre drapery concealed its time-beaten form—no flambeaux blazed from its summit.

In order solely that some civic formalities might be observed requiring the closing of the doors, it became necessary to affix new ones. The old pair had not been shut for a long series of years, and were in a complete state of decay, literally rotting from the hinges. Here the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other City authorities, with royal ceremony, received the procession, and accompanied it to St. Paul's Cathedral, where, amidst one universal heartfelt sense of grief, the body of Nelson was deposited in a vault under the spacious dome.

In order that grief may not intrude on our few days of joy and festivity, we shall deviate from that chronological order which we have hitherto observed, and pass at once from the obsequies of England's greatest naval hero, to the death of her most illustrious warrior, Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Temple Bar, arrayed in the sable trappings of woe on that cold raw morning of the 18th November, 1852, presented the appearance of a Roman decorated arch.

Full descriptions appear in contemporary publications of the aspect of the old gate on this grand and solemn occasion:—

"The deep black of the large central curtains was relieved by several monograms of the Duke, the letter W being enclosed in an oval of laurel. Above and suspended from the laurel wreaths were the Duke's Orders of the Garter, the Bath, and the Golden Fleece, etc. The whole of the ornaments and decorations were composed of papier mâché, gilt in silver.

"Temple Bar then appeared as a funeral arch; but all the decorations were emblematical of triumph, as well as of mourning, and indicated not only the warrior but the victor. The black cloth and velvet, richly relieved by the silver cornices, irons, flambeaux and trophies, produced an effect of rich but chaste solemnity, admirably adapted to give impressiveness to the entry of the magnificent funeral procession into the City of London.

"The plumes and ornaments of the funeral car rose so far above the coffin, that a mechanical contrivance was necessary to lower them, in order to admit of its passing through the gateway." This being cleverly effected, the pageant moved on to St. Paul's, in outward form magnificent. On its arrival there, the coffin of the illustrious Duke was deposited under the noble dome of the cathedral, in the crypt where repose the remains of the immortal Nelson. The Tower guns fired, and the ceremony ended.

"Who so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

We now bid farewell to death and state funerals, to sorrow and grief, as connected with the Bar; the memorials we shall have to record in our few remaining notes breathe solely of joy and gladness; they are only, we regret, so few in number. We have first the loyal reception given by the City to the best of queens, our own Queen Victoria, when, in accordance with ancient custom, she honoured with her presence the banquet given by the Lord Mayor, on the first ninth of November after her accession to the throne. A maiden on that ninth of November, 1837, sorrow had not touched her young heart, no fatal abiding remembrance had then thrown its bleak shade o'er her life. On she came in beauty and happiness, surrounded by all the pageantry of state, hundreds of banners waved from the houses, thousands of voices bade her welcome.

On the arrival of Her Majesty at Temple Bar being announced, shortly before three o'clock, the Lord Mayor, in accordance with the ceremonial observed on the occasion of royal visits to the City, dismounted from his charger, and, taking the City sword in his hand, stood on the east side of the gate; as soon as the Queen's carriage arrived within the gateway, it stopped, and the Lord Mayor delivered the keys of the City to the Queen, which Her Majesty restored in the most gracious manner. The Lord Mayor then remounted, and, holding the City sword aloft, took his place immediately before the royal carriage, after which the Aldermen, Members of the Common Council, and civic authorities formed in procession. The banquet took place at the Guildhall, at five o'clock, and at half-past eight Her Majesty left, but not in the state observed in the morning.

Whilst the feast was being held, and mirth and festivity filled the Hall, the good citizens of London, anxious to display their loyalty and affection to the Crown, had illuminated their houses on the line of procession, and the old Bar, for the first time in its history, was made to participate in the universal joy. How cheerful it looked on that night! On the east was an

imperial crown, bearing the inscription, "Welcome, Royal Guest," in green and yellow lamps, surrounded by lamps arranged in festoons, branches, and pillars, with the royal arms above all. On the other side were the initials V.R., of a gigantic size, flanked by stars and the arms of the City of London in the corners.

Slowly the royal carriage passed under the old arch, followed by the loyal acclamations of her people, who loved her then, and to whose early affection for their Queen revolving years, and respectful sympathy in her sorrows, have only given additional strength.

Again we have to pass over several years before we meet with any historical event of a joyous character with which the Bar is associated—the reception given by the nation on the 7th of March, 1863, to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, on her arrival in London to become the bride of the heir to the throne of England. And right royal was this reception, the greatest outward demonstration of loyalty that has occurred in our days, or, as we are inclined to think, in those olden times, when the pageantry of royal progresses was more attended to, and therefore, we may presume, better understood than at present. The Bar was draped in crimson velvet and cloth of gold, so that not an inch of the masonry was visible. On the summit of the pediment, with its head towering far above the roofs of the houses on either side, stood a white statue of Hymen, who, armed with his torch, seemed eager to celebrate the nuptial rite. At each angle of the building was a tripod containing incense, while over the posterns were white altars beautifully sculptured, and angels holding bunches of orange-blossoms." So attractive was the Bar on this occasion, that we are told that nobody could go anywhere without first paying a visit to it.

On the Monday following, being the day on which the royal marriage was celebrated, it again made a splendid appearance, being illuminated in a marked and beautiful manner. On the pediments and cornices there were no less than 220 burners of large size, which were supplied with gas. All the statues held gas-lights, and the torches of the figures of Hymen were in a blaze. The Arch on this occasion looked splendid, and formed one of the chief attractions of the night. The brilliancy of the Arch was emblematic of the light of love, and hope, and joy, that had illumined the faces and cheered the hearts of a whole nation.*

* We are indebted for the foregoing notes to James Holbert Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple, author of "Temple Bar: a Narrative of the Historical Occurrences of a Criminal Character associated with the Present Bar." (D. Bogue.) On the subject of the removal of the Bar Mr. Wilson thus writes:—"We admit that many of the historical reminiscences of the Bar are painful, but this surely is no good reason why the Bar itself should be destroyed. Would you advocate the destruction of the Tower,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,"

because the heads of traitors have been placed on its turrets? Would you pull down Westminster Hall because the mouldering skulls of Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, and others, were fixed upon it; the head of Cromwell for upwards of thirty years? Most assuredly not. Preserve, therefore, we say, the old Bar, the only survivor of the City gates. Touch not with a rude hand a single stone. What we require is, its immediate reparation; with our Prince of Wales married to a daughter of Denmark, it would be graceful in the civic authorities to repair the broken, time-worn statue of her ancestor, Queen Anne of Denmark, the only one that exists in the metropolis, and which, in its present sadly dilapidated state, reproachfully regards them from the south-eastern niche of the Arch. The Royal arms and the arms of the City, which formerly were placed over the key-stone on the east and west sides of the gateway, have entirely disappeared; bit by bit they have decayed away, not a vestige remains; these should be replaced, and other restorations rendered necessary by long neglect, and the hand of time, at once commenced. When these are completed, the Bar in its restored condition, like as it came from the hands of Sir Christopher Wren, will again be an ornament to London, regarded with pleasure by those who love to think over the days of many generations, as well as by those who can read 'serious in stones, and good in every thing.'"

Varieties.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.—There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,324 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England: London, 253; Provinces, 751—1,004. Wales, 49. Scotland, 132. Ireland, 124. British Isles, 15. Of these there are 58 daily papers in England, 1 do. in Wales, 12 do. in Scotland, 13 do. in Ireland, 1 do. in the British Isles. On reference to the edition of this useful Directory for 1858, we find the following interesting facts, viz., that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 866 journals. Of these 41 papers were issued daily, viz., 29 in England, 5 in Scotland, and 7 in Ireland; but in 1868 there are now established and circulated 1,324 papers, of which no less than 85 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has very greatly extended during the last ten years, and more especially so in daily papers: the daily issues standing 85 against 41 in 1858. The magazines now in course of publication, including the Quarterly Reviews, number 621, of which 219 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.—*Newspaper Press Directory.*

TRUE WISDOM AND HAPPINESS.—He is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavours to keep God's laws. His mind is in peace and tranquillity. He walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right. He is secure, God is his friend, that Infinite Being; and He has said, "Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy." But guilt is, certainly, a heavy load; it sinks and damps the spirits. "A wounded spirit who can bear!" And the evil subtle spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair; but godliness makes a cheerful heart. Let not past errors discourage: who lives and sins not? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner, but is full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they cease from doing evil and learn to do well, pray for grace to repent, and endeavour with that measure which will be given, if sincerely asked for. Remember that to forsake vice is the beginning of virtue: and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind and a cheerful spirit.—*Letter of Rachael Lady Russell, to her son the Duke of Bedford, 1706.*

WAY-GOOSE.—The derivation of the term "Way-goose" is from the old English word *wayz*, stubble. Bailey informs us that *wayz*-goose, or stubble-goose, is an entertainment given to journeymen at the beginning of winter. Hence a *wayz*-goose was the head dish at the annual feast of the printers, and is not altogether unknown as a dainty dish in these days. Moxon, in his "Mechanic Exercise" (1683), tells us that "it is customary for the journeymen to make every year new paper windows, whether the old ones will serve again or no; because that day they make them, the master printer gives them a *way-goose*. . . . These *way-goose*s are always kept about Bartholomew-tide; and till the master printer has given their *way-goose*, the journeymen do not use to work by candle-light. The same custom was formerly common at Coventry, where it was usual in the large manufactories of ribbons and watches, as well as among the silk-dyers, when they commenced the use of candles, to have their annual *way-goose*. "Goose-day" is now, in nearly all the London houses, held in May or June instead of at Michaelmas, and is quite unconnected with the lighting-up.—*John Timbs. See "Notes and Queries," 2nd S., No. 88, p. 91, and No. 88, p. 193.*

SAD STATE OF ENGLAND!—For we are a people drowned in hypocrisy, saturated with it to the bone. Alas! it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still; and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it! It has lasted long, that unblest process—process of "lying to steep in the Devil's pickle;" for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate return of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever!—*Thomas Carlyle.*

BRAIN FUNCTIONS.—In those of the articulated animals that are associated in families, such as the bee and ant, we observe indications of mental acts, perhaps more closely resembling those of man than those observed in any of the higher parts of the scale, but unconnected with any organ resembling a brain.—*Alison's Outlines of Human Physiology, 3rd Ed., p. 351.*